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A Missionary's Return to China.

(By Mrs. Emma D. Smith, of Pang-Chuang, in 'Missionary Herald.')

I alighted from a Chinese cart in the dearest front-door yard in all China on the evening of November 21, 1897, after an absence of four years and a half. The first impression that I had was that Shantung hearts beat true and loyal as ever, for there, out in the cold, and waiting to welcome me with a radiant smile, was Mrs. Hu, my own dear 'Sunny Heart.' She is a cripple, and gang-planks are narrow, but she had crept on board the steamer to see me off; so that hers had been one of the last faces I had seen in 1893, as it was now one of the first to greet me back in 1897. A little later I realized that I had been away from Shantung for some time, when a great chorus of song burst from the front verandah.

One quiet, warm Sunday before I left for America four wee girls had stolen on to that same verandah, to the front door, with the petition. 'Ming T'ai T'ai, we would like to unbind our feet and have some new shoes.' That was the beginning of the girls' school. The little prisoners let out of jail that day were full of glee. The unbound toes did not seem to pain them at all, and the children capered about so that the pretty silk shoes were all shabby by night. But, praise God! the wedge was in at last. Somebody had unbound their feet in Shantung. Had I only been away four years and a half? One of the helpers had said, at the first meeting of the Anti-Foot-binding Society, that if the thirty people there pulled together they could change the custom of the whole country-side in twenty years. How wonderful it seemed—those tall fine-looking girls, the older class, and the younger ones, with character, training, thought, in their faces; really scholars, and nearly all free-footed as myself! Thank the Lord! How could I be expected to keep the tears back?

While I was recovering from this, and trying to get warm, another glad burst of unlooked-for welcome brought me to the verandah once more, where I found the boys' school. What a little army the forty looked! And how big and manly the older ones had grown to be, and how their fine training had transformed them! Later, when I came to have meetings with them it was like a dream to find the little raw, crude children I had left, who could only be fed milk with a spoon, now ready for the best I had to give. They were eager, bright, quick with their bibles, ready to pray, and at home in their hymn books. Oh, what a beautiful parish in the two schools!

Next came, with a deep sense of gratitude, the change I saw in our dear Christian women. Not that they were not always dear and always Christian to the core—but oh! they had been, some of the best of them, so dull! But I believe there never was a mission station in the world where more resolute, unflinching, persistent, tremendous work has been put in by single ladies in teaching rudiments than here. They simply had to do it. It took colossal faith to believe that such women, beginning in middle life, could learn enough to be of any use to themselves or others. But they were like a ship on the ways. During the years while I was away they reached the point where the friction was overcome. The faith and patience of the (single lady) saints had at last launched them into the glorious deep sea of God's own Word. The dear, precious, stupid old women I had left could actually find their places in the New Testament and read nicely and intelligently! I could have hugged every last one of them for joy and surprise as I daily sat at prayers with them, and actually took it in, that one need not depend on a crumb tray and a brush, but could really give them a whole slice off the loaf now.

Another thing struck home, and that was, how they had learned to give. In all those early years we always knew they couldn't give anything because they did not have control of any money. But it was a single lady missionary, who had an inspiration, and stirred them up and started them, and the Lord blessed and followed up all the teaching. And, as I went to place after place, making my round of visits, that I might see all the field before Miss Porter and I divided up the work, one and another woman would bring her gift for the church, a little string of cash with a bamboo stick attached to it giving her name, thus showing that she had paid her yearly subscription. Sometimes my box would be quite heavy with the copper cash. To be sure, many had lost their tickets, and some did not bring their cash in time to get into the year's accounts, but there was a good strong current setting in the direction of regular gifts.

Self-supporting station classes seemed almost as remarkable as a New Testament miracle. How one's thought went back to the days when it was like pulling eye-teeth to get men to take the trouble to bring their wives and daughters here once a year to study a few days. What a joy to know that

A LITTLE SUFFERER WITH BOUND FEET.

there were men and women glad enough to come and bring their own food, if they might be taught the things they were hungry to know.

And then to find a real, genuine, full-fledged Congregational Association with a genuine back-bone in it, not timid, not halting, not limp when it came to a hard and embarrassing piece of discipline, but standing up to its work with courage, and putting a man out of the church if he ought to go, no matter whose step-uncle or 'yard-grandfather,' he might chance to be, nor how many broad acres of land he owned. This was as refreshing as a June rain, when one remembered how absolutely impossible it was to the clannish and fearful discipline of years ago. There was an enlarged and beautiful chapel to gladden my eyes, and there were people to fill it, and more than fill it. There were whole new circles of villages, some of which I have not set eyes on yet. There was progress, and blessed, healthy growth everywhere. I could have done without an almanac, and just called all the rest of the year one long Thanksgiving week. I had so much to rejoice over in my beloved Shantung.

But I have not told you the very best of all, which is that the same blessed Holy Spirit who has set all the rest of the world to thinking and talking about him, is working deep down in hearts here too. I feel such a different atmosphere everywhere, though that is partly because I got my own blessing at home and have different eyes to see with now. He makes the Chinese love to hear about him. He hushes rooms full of people into such a wonderful, marvelous quiet. He sends some to the missionaries to say that they are hungry and thirsty for him. Instead of the old struggle and strain to hold attention he just makes the order and the quiet, and supplies the simple word that seems so little in itself, but goes home and does its work because his almighty power is behind it.

His work in some hearts that I have watched since I came back has been so marvellous in its gentle, quiet, but resistless power, it has seemed to me like a beautiful dream from which one must awake. Oh, praise God for life to-day, when the Holy Spirit is coming to his own, and having his own blessed right of way at last in hearts which for a lifetime had thought of him as an Influence, and had never known he was their tender, glorious, almighty personal Friend.

'Thou who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind—
Oh, now to all mankind
Let there be light!'

'Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove!
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move o'er the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light!'

Prayer For Protection.

In contrast with the naturalistic views of some writers, we wish to quote a paragraph from a recent letter of our friend the Rev. H. B. Gage, of Riverside, Cal. It may not be possible for us to prove by scientific demonstration that the deliverance he records was due to the prayers offered, but we rejoice that there is still strong among us a faith in God which leads his children to cry unto him in their anxiety and distress, and to give him thanks in their deliverance. Mr. Gage says:

'A few weeks ago the telegraphic reports came to us warning us of a coming cold wave. The weather prophets prophesied the coldest night of the season, and that the temperature would certainly drop below the "danger point," about twenty-five degrees. Ranchmen began flooding their orange groves and others prepared to light fires to keep off the frost. We had a union meeting for special bible study that night, and it was suggested that we pray especially that God would grant us protection. "He giveth the snow like wool: he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes." "Who hath gathered the wind in his fists." Well, we prayed, both publicly and privately.

'Practically, our crop here in Riverside is oranges. There are something like four thousand carloads of oranges hanging today on our trees, which means 1,200,000 boxes. Let the temperature drop to twenty degrees for one single night and our harvest, and our very living would perish. The trees would not be killed, but the fruit would be ruined. It had been blowing cold all day from the north, and as the sun went down, the thermometer was falling rapidly and already marked thirty-eight degrees, it would be fourteen hours before daylight, and that would mean ice, and the loss to us of hundreds of thousands of dollars. Well, we did what Nehemiah did in his trouble. "We made our prayer unto God, and set a watch." A quiet wind blew all night, and when the sun rose the thermometer marked thirty-two degrees, and we were saved.'—'Occident.'

CHINESE WOMEN AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S.

How to Get on in the World.

Most of our successful men began life without capital. They have won success by hard work and strict honesty. You can do the same. Here are a dozen rules for getting on in the world:—

1. Be honest. Dishonesty seldom makes one rich, and when it does, riches are a curse. There is no such thing as dishonest success.

2. Work. The world is not going to pay for nothing. Ninety percent of what men call genius is only a talent for hard work.

3. Enter into the business or trade you like best, and for which nature seems to have fitted you, provided it is honorable.

4. Be independent. Do not lean on others to do your thinking or to conquor your difficulties.

5. Be conscientious in the discharge of every duty. Do your work thoroughly. No one can rise who slights his work.

6. Don't try to begin at the top. Begin at the bottom, and you will be surer of reaching the top some time.

7. Trust to nothing but God and hard work. Inscribe on your banner—'Luck is a fool; pluck is a hero.'

8. Be punctual. Keep your appointments. Be there a minute before time, if you have to lose your dinner to do it.

9. Be polite. Every smile, every kindly word will help to win friends.

10. Be generous. Meanness makes enemies and breeds distrust.

11. Spend less than you earn. Do not run into debt. Watch the little leaks, and you will be able to live on your salary.

12. Make all the money you can, honestly; do all the good you can with it while you live; be your own executor.—'The Young Man.'

Who Was to be Avoided?

There has just been unveiled in Boston a remarkable piece of sculpture in bronze, one of the very finest in the country, portraying Colonel Robert Gould Shaw at the head of his colored troops. This young hero was leader of the first colored regiment sent from the North during the Civil War. The large and deeply moved crowd that for days has remained in front of this noble memorial, is one of the truest tributes an artist has ever received. The dedication of this beautiful work of art has recalled a story of one of Colonel Shaw's sisters, Mrs. Minturn, who one day was riding in a street car, when a colored woman entered and took the only vacant seat, next to a fashionably dressed woman, opposite to Mrs. Minturn. This woman edged away from the colored intruder with every sign of disgust, and as soon as the seat next to Mrs. Minturn was vacated, she rose with a toss of her head, held her skirts away from the colored woman, and, crossing the car, sat down by Colonel Shaw's sister. Mrs. Minturn was a beautiful woman, and was richly attired. Imitating the airs she had indignantly witnessed, she promptly rose in her turn, flaunted from her seat, and sat down in the vacant place by the side of the colored woman. Now let us raise a statue to Colonel Shaw's sister!

BOYS AND GIRLS

Terry Gaffagan's Treasure.

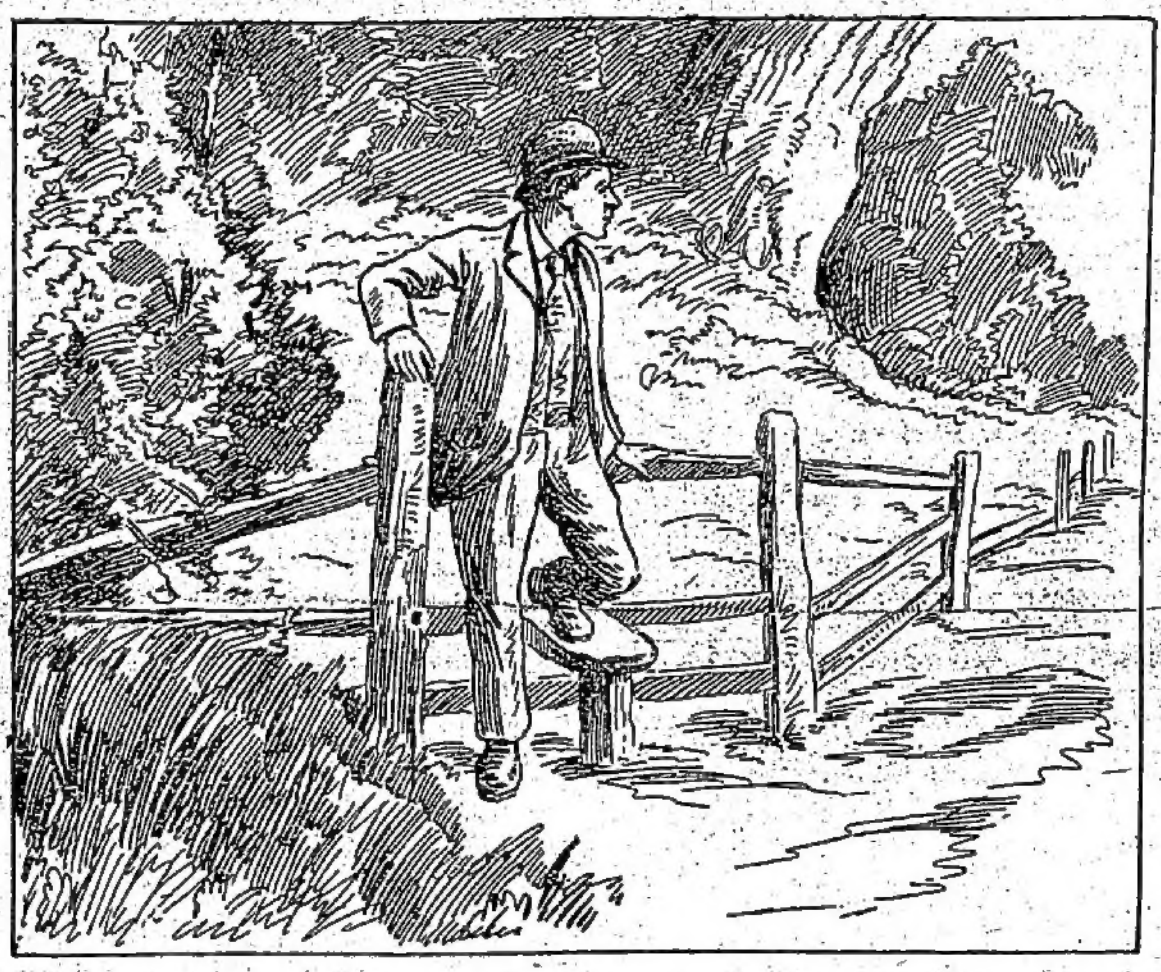
'Going to America!'

Those three words are fraught with meaning to the Irish ear. Not a parish, not a farm, not a cottage, in the 'Green Island,' but has sent one or more souls to seek home and happiness across the broad Atlantic.

The hamlet of Ballycarney looked upon departures to America as matters of little interest, so common had they become. It was only when the great families uprooted themselves from the soil, and prepared to migrate, that the sleepy little district was stirred to anything like emotion.

Such an effect took place when the news went forth that the farmer of Kilamery Glen was about to take his wife and children over the ocean.

Everybody knew the big, honest farmer; and from squire to laborer, everyone regretted that poor crops and need of money forced him to emigrate. Then there was Denny Connellan, the farmer's son, 'as fine a gossoon,' they said in Ballycarney, 'as ever trod in shoe leather.' The parish was genuinely sorry to lose Denny Connellan, and no one more so than his occasional friend and associate, Terry Gaffagan.



TERRY SUDDENLY REMEMBERED THE KINGFISHER'S EGGS!

Terry was the parish 'bad boy'—the self-elected scapegoat of the neighborhood. But that did not prevent him from being a leader among the juvenile population; indeed, his only rival for popularity was the very Denny Connellan now bound for America. The two stood about equal as hurlers, runners, and wrestlers. Perhaps in bird-nesting (and bird-nesting is a very popular sport around Ballycarney) the wild Terry Gaffagan had a slight advantage over the more respectable Denny. But this was easily explained by the latter's adherents, who pointed out clearly that Terry had plenty of practice in woodcraft and hedgerow science, while his rival was busy at school.

However this might be, Terry Gaffagan scored a notable point when he captured the three kingfisher's eggs in the sedge by Glashagal brook. There was grievous envy in Denny Connellen's breast when he trotted over the hill to the tumbledown cottage wherein dwelt Teddy and Teddy's disreputable old grandfather, for a peep at the famous eggs.

Despite their rivalry, and the fact that Denny's good clothes and general superiority of behaviour had frequently galled him, Terry Gaffagan felt honestly grieved when he learned of the approaching departure of his rival for the mysteries of the New World, and there were tears in his eyes when he left the Connellan's 'farewell party,' to which he had been bidden only at the earnest request of Denny.

As he sped homeward, through the bristling gorse, he thought of all his adventures in company with young Connellan—of how they had hunted the Castle ghost, snared rabbits, and had taken part in many another boyish exploit.

Then he remembered the presents that neighbors had brought from far and near as tokens of kindness to the departing family. How he wished he could give something by which Denny would remember him in foreign lands. Unfortunately, there was nothing in the Gaffagan but which would find favor in Denny's eyes; nothing except——

Terry Gaffagan stopped short for a moment to think. He suddenly remembered the kingfisher's eggs!

The thought stirred up a great battle in the boy's heart. What a splendid gift those eggs would be! How Denny Connellan would prize them! But what a terrible loss their absence would mean to Terry! Indeed, he could not bear to give them away — not even to Denny Connellan.

Once more he hastened through the gorse, and once more the suggestion smote him, that he should carry the eggs to Denny. Hotly he debated the question within himself, and, so debating found himself at his own door.

By the dim light of the turf fire he could see his grandfather asleep in one corner of the single room. Noiselessly he crept in, barred the door, and took from under his small trundle bed the box containing his treasure.

Superlatively beautiful the eggs seemed as he held them toward the sullen, red glow of the turf. Clasping them to his breast, he sat down upon the little bed.

Again rose the memory of Denny Connellan and his friendship, and then came a thought of compromise. Why not give one of the eggs to Denny, and keep the others? The idea was a brilliant one, and Terry decided to carry it out. Replacing two of the eggs, he dropped the third into his pocket and slipped out of doors into the moonlight. But he had not trotted far along the track toward Kilamery Glen when his conscience smote him bitterly. Would Denny really value one egg?

For the second time he rushed down the pathway, and entered the cottage. Another egg was dropped into the further pocket. Denny should possess two of his trophies! That was surely an unselfish present.

With his hand on the door-latch, Terry uttered a great sob and felt a mighty resolve spring up within him. Denny Connellan should have all—all the eggs. He would not keep even one for himself.

Fearing lest he should falter, he hastily secured the third egg, and ran all the way to the farmhouse in Kilamery Glen. The lights were still ablaze, for 'farewell parties' are late affairs. Terry sprang through the crowd of sympathizers in the farmyard, and ran right into the arms of comely Mrs. Connellan.

'Now Terry allannah, what's ailin' ye?' asked the farmer's wife.

'Is Denny abed?' asked the lad.

'Sure he is, this hour an' more. 'Tis himself has a long journey before him to-morrow.'

'Well, then, Mrs. Connellan,' said Terry, talking very quickly to keep back the sobs—'will ye please give him these—from me, ma'am—when he wakes in the mornin'?'

Hastily he put the three hard, oval substances into Mrs. Connellan's hands, and was gone.

The sacrifice was complete.

Mrs. Connellan held up Terry's presents to the light. One glance told her what they were, and her motherly eyes shed tears of sympathy.

Terry Gaffagan was very lazy next morning. His night had been a bitter one, and sleep only visited him with the daylight.

Consequently, when three people entered the Gaffagan cottage at nine o'clock they found old Grandfather Con eating a solitary breakfast, while Terry still slumbered. The three persons were Farmer Connellan, of Kilamery Glen; his son Denny, and little Meehaul Ryan, the emigration agent of Ballycarney. The two men talked earnestly with old Gaffagan. Clearly their mission proved successful, for when Terry at length opened his red and tear-stained eyes he found them smiling beside his bed.

'Terry,' quoth the big farmer, 'how would you like to go to Amerikay?'

Terry's eyes fairly bulged. 'Don't ye be mockin' me,' he stammered.

''Tis no mock at all,' said the farmer. 'Sure 'twas a fine thing entirely ye did last night, an' 'tis myself will never forget it to ye. Now, Terry, 'herself' bein' willin', an' a gossoon more or less bein' of small account, we've settled on taking ye with us to New York. Your ould grandfather, I'm afeared, is glad to get rid of ye; an' Mr. Ryan here has made out your passage. Will ye come to Amerikay with Denny and the rest of us, Terry Gaffagan?'

It was a very loud and a very eager 'Yes!' that Terry gave for answer to that question. —'Inter-Ocean.'

'Drunkards cured for a penny!' This was the announcement which our friend Edward Welsh used to have upon a board in front of his house when some years ago he lived in Bean-street, Borough. He says a great many men and women would come to the door anxiously inquiring how they could be cured, and a few kindly and encouraging words along with a penny pledge card were often the means of reclamation. A number of other workers took up the idea, and much good work resulted.—'Temperance Record.'

Myra's Self-Denial Week.

(By Ada M. Melville.)

'I wish I could help, but how can I? I've "cut down," and "retrenched," and "economized," till I feel like a miser now, and if there's one thing I can deny myself on any line, I'd be glad to know it!'

Such was the soliloquy uttered in a half undertone by Myra Welch, a school teacher in the town of Tacona, and a member of the Tacona W. C. T. U. She had just returned from a meeting of the Union, at which the president had been urging the matter of Self-denial Week. 'I think we can each one deny ourselves something to which we have been accustomed, and which it will do us no harm to go without for one week.'

'Much she knows about it!' sighed Myra, remembering the weary walks taken every day that carfare might be saved; the clothing darned, turned and re-turned, and the hours of work, after school closed at fine sewing, for which but scant remuneration was given; all this that she might not only support herself, but send home from month to month what she could spare that a sick brother might have the nourishing food and medical care he so much needed.

Clearly there was no room for self-denial here, 'and therefore,' argued Myra, 'no responsibility upon me for it.' But the subject would not be dismissed, and kept turning itself over in the girl's mind as she stitched away on the garment before her.

'Poor thing,' she said, talking aloud again, as she often did to break the silence of her lonely room. 'Poor little white ribbon! If you could talk, I suppose you would reproach me, but you know I am honest, and honestly, I haven't a thing in which I am rich, or have "enough and to spare," unless it be thoughts, and they are not convertible into dollars and cents, at least, not in my case.'

When ten o'clock struck she took her bible in her hand. But her heart, for some reason, was heavy within her, and instead of her customary reading, she dropped on her knees and hid her face in her hands.

Perhaps Tacona Union had no more earnest member in heart than Myra Welch, for she was wholly committed to the temperance cause, and worked in every way she could. The call for money was the one to which she could rarely respond, but she had tried to make up the lack by an earnest participation in all meetings and an eager loyalty to all plans. Never before had the question of money troubled her as it did on this occasion, and the matter became the whole burden of her prayers that night.

'I am getting proud,' she thought. 'I am ashamed to say "No." Well, if that is the case, the more I'm humbled the better. I guess the Lord can fill up the World's W. C. T. U. treasury without any help from Myra Welch. So there!' and she turned out the gas with a decided little snap, and lay down to her much-needed rest.

Myra had one possession which she called her rich inheritance, a deep soul-love for, and soul-appreciation of music. When a child her father had given her a violin which he had much prized, and by dint of hard practice in odd moments she had attained to no slight degree of efficiency in the use of the instrument. It was her delight every morning, before the duties of the day began, to spend an hour playing. On the morning following the day of the W. C. T. U. meeting, Myra rose even earlier than usual, and taking her violin from its case, stroked the dark wood tenderly, and said, 'You are the one thing I am "accustomed to" that approaches a luxury, and I am glad there is no need of going without you,' and thereupon followed a flood of melody so joyous, that a man passing muttered to himself, 'Somebody feels mighty good this morning!' But no music could quite chase away the obstinate thoughts touching the week of self-denial, and the instrument was laid by after a few minutes' use. Myra had prayed earnestly that if there was any way in which she could answer to this appeal, it might be shown to her. It lacked half an hour yet to breakfast, but she could neither play nor work nor read; thought was too busy.

'Willingness ought to count,' she said to herself. 'I am sure no one is more willing than I. If thinking would make money, I'd think our treasurer's hands full in less than no time!' and she laughed a little, passing her hand over her aching head, 'If I could only think to some purpose!'

Her bible lay where she had left it the night before, and taking it up she read the old story about the loaves and fishes. Over and over yet again she read it, a light dawning in her eyes and a growing thought quickening her pulses. She thought aloud, slowly reasoning her way out. 'The boy hadn't very much and the need was great, But he didn't refuse to let the Lord have them. What if I turn my desire to help into prayers for the cause? Maybe God can use thoughts if they are given to him. I'll pray! and I'll pray mornings, instead of having a selfish good time. I just believe God means me to "deny" in this way seeing there is no other.'

Thus it came about that the violin lay in its case and the musician was on her knees talking with God about the work and its needs, the workers and those for whom they spent their strength. As she prayed her eyes were opened to many ways in which she could give more aid in the battle for 'Every Land.' The week was near its close when Mrs. Russell came to Myra with a request.

'On Sunday evening,' she said, 'a union service will be held in charge of the white ribboners. At that meeting we will make a special plea along temperance lines, taking, of course, the inevitable "collection," every cent contributed to be turned over to the World's W. C. T. U. treasury. I came to ask you to help—to pray and to work.

Myra's heart began to beat.

'You play so beautifully—will you play for us that night? My daughter will sing—could you play her accompaniments?'

'Oh, Mrs. Russell! Anything—'

'There, there, do not say "no" so soon. Think about it and let me know to-morrow.'

Myra had never played in public. It was the one thing she had always insisted she 'could not and would not do.' But as she spent the hour in prayer the next morning, she was led to some deeper thinking along the line of self-denial, and as a result her answer that evening to Mrs. Russell's question was in the affirmative—though given with fear and trembling.

Sunday night came. The house was full. On the platform, among the others, sat Myra, outwardly calm, inwardly fearful, yet determined. Eva Russell had a beautiful voice, and just after her mother's opening prayer, sang the well-known hymn:

'Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave.'

A thrill of enthusiasm from the audience answered the sweet voice, with its soulful accompaniment, and the chorus was caught up by hundreds of eager voices.

The key-note of the evening had been struck, and there were few hearts untouched by the earnest words of the women who were bound together against the world's curse. Prayers were offered from lips that hitherto had been slow to speak. Pledges were signed, some of them by young men whose stand on the temperance question, it had been feared, was uncertain. A free-will offering was called for.

'This is not a regular collection, friends,' said Mrs. Russell. 'Let nothing be given from the hand that is not offered by the heart. If you are glad to-night that your home is untouched by the curse, praise the Lord in dollars and cents. If your heart aches because some dear one is tempted, has fallen, perhaps, lend your aid to keep this sorrow from some other home. If you have ever wished the evil of intemperance wiped off the face of God's earth, back up the wish out of the money God has blessed you with.'

What moved her Myra did not stop to think, but just as the collectors were passing down the aisles, she took her violin, and, unasked, began to play. Her heart was uplifted in prayer, her playing almost unconscious, and after a few low strains, the lovely melody of 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul' filled the house.

Away in the rear sat a white-haired old man. He had listened to all that was said, but evinced little interest. When the opportunity was given for a free-will offering, he made no move to comply. Myra's violin was growing more and more eloquent. Tears were quietly brushed aside. The old man on the back seat leaned forward and buried his face in his hands. The last time he had heard that hymn was when he leaned above the coffin of his only son, who had been brought to that coffin by drink.

If your heart aches because some dear one has fallen, lend your aid.

'Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.'

The hardness of years was melted, and the old father wept, not only wept, but prayed. The collection-box had been the rounds. The violin had ceased its pleading. A few words of prayer, and the service was over. The audience passed out, but the white-haired old man waited.

As Myra was nearing the door, trying to make her escape from kindly, but just then unwelcome, words of praise, a hand on her arm checked her. It was the old man.

'Daughter,' he said tremulously, 'God bless you. You don't know how I have been blessed this night. Wait a minute—I have a little offering. You will drop it in for me, May it keep some father's son from drink!' and he laid a shining piece of gold in her hand.

'God has indeed blessed my poor "loaves and fishes,"' thought Myra, as she dropped the money quietly among the rest and slipped away. 'I am glad I was too poor to give money—God provided for his treasury in a better way than I could possibly have done.'

And from that time to this Myra's morning hour has been her 'temperance fund,' and who will say what has been the outcome of her true self-denial?—'Union Signal.'

A Good Fellow.

(By Marguerite Leslie, in 'National Temperance Advocate.')

It was one of the lovely October days to be found only in the Rocky Mountain region. There was a softness in the air too delicate to be called mist or haze. Indeed, it was a day of such perfect clearness that Mrs. Carroll, looking up from her mending through the long vista of the Sun River canyon, saw distinctly the snow-filled ravines upon the sides of the main ridge of the Rockies ninety miles away. The little 'house mother' was glad that day. She rejoiced in

the broad Missouri flowing down past her home and in the solemn line of the buttes on the further bank. They seemed to say forever: 'The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him.' The thin fringe of cotton woods along the river's brink rustled their leaves and over all shone and gleamed the gem-like sky of Montana.

The happy wife and mother was counting her blessings as she often did, summing up thus: 'I'm glad I know I am happy and well off. I wish I could think of the whole of that quaint old hymn, but at least I know the lines that just fit me:

'And, best of all, a thankful heart,
That tastes these gifts with joy.'

The gate banged shut after a messenger boy and the tidy Swedish maid brought up a note:

Dearest.—I am bringing home Luke Hazelton, our old friend's son. He is stranded here for a few days, and I found him in a bad fix. I'll explain when I see you. Please act as if it were just an everyday, casual visit.

YOUR HUSBAND.

Naturally this note aroused some curiosity, but that did not retard the deft movements which made all ready for the expected guest.

When Jack came at one the haggard young man with him found a comfortable room and a comforting welcome. The children at once marked him for their own and left little for anyone else to do in the way of entertainment.

In a day or two money came from his father, and the lad was off for his distant home.

Through all his stay he was treated with the friendly ease of an intimate guest although his hostess knew his story.

He had left home 'to seek his fortune,' had drifted about until his money was about gone, but proudly resolved not to apply to his father. He heard of work in G—— F—— and putting nearly all his funds into a railway ticket reached the city, only to be disappointed.

Then he gave up and telegraphed to his father. He had paid for his night's lodging and breakfast and had now twenty-five cents and two days to wait. He knew that Jack Carroll lived there and would gladly help him, but his foolish boy's pride made him determine to 'starve first.'

Then it was that he fell into the free lunch trap.

'I can get a glass of beer for five cents,' he said to himself, 'and they'll throw in a sandwich or two. I guess I'll find some place to sleep for two nights. There's no frost yet, and I could roost on a bench in the park. Anything so's not to beg of Jack Carroll. There he is this minute, but he won't know me, as I was nothing but a kid when he saw me. Still, it's safe to hide.'

He slipped into the 'Silver Dollar,' got his beer and what he considered a pretty good lunch for a nickel. Did the bartender notice that, though the boy's linen was soiled and rumpled, the cut and material of his garments were faultless. Anyway, he treated him as a distinguished stranger and poor Luke came out with the feathers of his personal vanity all smoothed down, and feeling that he was a pretty keen fellow to have gotten so much for so little.

'If I can work that again to-day and three times to-morrow, I guess I can pull through till I hear from the governor.'

He 'did work it' again that night, but the bartender was a little less friendly and Luke more hungry, so he had to take two beers. Then he began to think that if he had to spend the night out of doors he ought to get a good supper, and if he paid for beer in order to get the sandwiches he had better consume both. 'I've always heard that there's lots of nourishment in beer. As for breakfast, father's pretty sure to telegraph the money, and I'll get it the first thing to-morrow.'

In a short time the last nickel was in the till and the boy, carrying more beer than was good for him, was out in the street.

The brilliant sky flashed like sapphires overhead, with a glow of amethysts where the sun had gone down. The stars were coming out, and the chill night air of that high altitude made people think of dinners and open fires.

Poor Luke shivered. His overcoat was in the trunk which the railway held for storage due. He felt a strange singing in his ears, for the beer had 'gone to his head.'

A policeman passed and eyed him closely. Luke stiffened himself and tried to look unconscious of that gaze, while all the time he knew he could not walk quite straight. A heavy hand fell on his shoulder and a rough voice bade him 'Come on.'

His mother's pale face rose before him; the disgrace of arrest cut him like a whip lash and in an instant he was quite sober, had jerked himself free and was moving swiftly down the street. Once more the officer had him, and a well-directed blow on the head knocked him down and effectually ended all resistance. So he did not pass the night with the Montana sky for a roof, but shut up in jail with a choice assortment of frontier 'toughs.'

The next morning a very dejected boy appeared before the police justice. He was quite hopeless, and kept his gaze bent upon the floor. Suddenly the sound of a friendly voice made him look up. Mr. John Carroll was interceding for him.

'I know his parents well,' he said, 'and I know he is a mere boy and not long from home. He cannot be an old offender.'

Then Luke got a chance to tell his story and how he intended to go on home as soon as the money came.

Finally, the justice said he would remit the usual fine if Mr. Carroll would take charge of the young man until his departure, which Mr. Carroll was very glad to do.

In ten minutes he had the boy in his own office making a hasty toilet preparatory to a 'square meal,' at the nearest restaurant.

When lunch time came, and the office held only those two, Jack crossed the room to Luke and said: 'I sent a note to Mrs. Carroll that she might expect you, Luke, and I want you to know that you are as welcome as a rose in May. I haven't told her anything, and I don't suppose she has seen the item in the paper which took me to the court room. I've got something to say to you. You know I'm no saint, but I've been looking out all my life, and I've found that while a few men of iron will and cool blood can drink moderately and stop when they like, many more, far many more, have to let it alone or be swamped by it. And you are the kind to go under, old man. And, another thing,' he added, as he put on his hat, 'the strongest man in the world cannot stand alone. You'd better get the Lord to back you in this thing.'

Luke spent two days in the little home. The daintily-served meals, the good bed, the bright fires, the spirit of love which pervaded the daily atmosphere—all these things comforted soul and body.

He watched his host. Jack Carroll was about ten years older than Luke, a strong, vigorous young man, alive to his fingertips, and perfectly self-controlled. Luke said to himself:

'That fellow is temperate in all things; in his meals and drinks and in his pleasures. I know he was a crack football man in Princeton, and I know he is a leader in business and social circles here. But just see him at family prayer twice a day. They say he works harder than any man in town, and well he may, for he's always in training. I mean to be like him and I guess I'll begin and say as he does each day, "keep us temperate in our meats and drinks and diligent in our several callings."'

Luke still keeps that resolution made nearly six years ago. Each day begins with that prayer, and each day adds strength and stability to a character which was too yielding, while it brings out more prominently the native sweetness which long ago earned for him the title of 'a good fellow.'—National Temperance Advocate.

Card Playing at Home and Its Results.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

'What harm can there be in a game of cards played amid home surroundings? I call it an innocent pastime. Besides, boys will learn to play, if not at home, in other people's homes, or in out-of-the-way places, and I much prefer to teach my children to play at home, and not compel them to learn secretly.'

'My dear madam,' I replied, 'I cannot agree with you. Let me relate what cards at home have done for me.'

'My parents played cards with me, and taught me the games they knew. For a time the amusement seemed innocent enough, and I enjoyed it thoroughly. Away from home I was frequently asked to join card parties and I readily consented. Much of my leisure time outside of school, even Sundays, was spent around the card table.

'I also formed the habit of dropping into saloons and watching the games, frequently playing. One thing I learned at the saloons was gambling, and when we boys were away from the censorship of our parents we increased the fascination of our game by playing for pennies.

'I tried to introduce this feature into the games at home, but father drew the line at gambling. Consequently the home games were too tame to suit me, and even cards at home failed to keep me there evenings.

'Then a number of us clubbed together and rented and furnished a room where we met evenings and studied and practiced the art of gambling, our parents supposing that we were at the home of some school-mate.

'One night some of the wildest boys of "our set" obtained some liquor and brought it to "the den." Although I was a temperance boy, I yielded to the surrounding influences, and drank with the rest.

'We carried things too far that night. After a few hours we became tipsy, and were pounding the tables, shouting and singing hilariously, when the door was burst open and the night police entered. He took in the situation at a glance, ordered us home and forbade future meetings under penalty of arrest. The next day I dreaded to face my parents. I felt they must have heard what had already become public gossip.

'However, I boldly marched home to dinner. Father's and mother's faces as I entered the door, betrayed their knowledge of my disgraceful conduct. I acknowledged my guilt, asked their forgiveness, and promised better conduct for the future. Several nights I stayed at home, but I soon began to tire of the monotony. One night I thought I would go out and look up some of my cronies. I was about to leave the

house without saying anything to anybody, when father, who had been reading, inquired:

'"Where are you going, John?" "Oh, down the street," I carelessly replied.

'"My boy, I did not say much when we first discovered your recent conduct, but I thought a great deal. I blamed myself for permitting the elements of gambling to be learned in this house, and for not knowing your whereabouts evenings, and the company you kept. Now, I am warned, I hope in time. There shall be no more card-playing in this house, and you must remain here evenings and not search for amusements upon the streets."

'I felt very indignant at being denied my liberty to such an extent, sullenly brooding over my wrongs, and determined to make a break for liberty. By saving my spending-money I thought I might obtain a sufficient quantity to last me until I could find suitable employment. It took me about a year to accumulate fifty dollars, but I persisted until I had that amount.

'One stormy morning in December I concluded to depart. I started as if to school, but turned down the street leading to the depot. There I purchased a ticket, and took passage to A——, a small station where my uncle resided. I left the station before reaching A——, at a junction point, and boarding another train which stood waiting, in a few moments was speeding away to the great city of M——.

'Seated in front of me was a pleasant though dissipated-looking gentleman who soon began a conversation. He was very communicative, relating his personal history extensively, and incidentally finding out all about me.

'"It's fortunate we met," he said, "for I have a friend who desires such a capable, hustling young man to fill a good position, and I will recommend you."

'I thought my fortune was now assured.

'We reached the city at nine o'clock in the evening, and together left the train. As we were passing a saloon my companion invited me to enter and drink to my future success. I accepted the invitation.

'After drinking together he led the way to a back room where "a game" was going on. Somewhat reluctantly I was drawn into it. At first I won. Drinks were brought in and we all partook. Soon I began to feel queer, and was only half conscious that I was losing money.

'How long I played, I don't know. I seemed to come to myself, suddenly, and realize that my money was gone, and I was being ejected into the street. I could hardly walk straight, and I knew not where to go. The cool air refreshed me somewhat, and I started to walk in the direction toward which I was headed. I continued in that direction until the houses became more scattered and the city street became a country highway. I seemed to be dazed. I remembered nothing more until I awoke in one of the wards of a hospital.

'I was not permitted to talk for a few days. Finally I became strong enough to tell my story, and I learned that I had been picked up by a farmer coming to town, and carried to my present quarters. My feet and hands were badly frozen, and one leg had been amputated below the knee.

'Father was notified, and he came at the earliest opportunity, remaining with me until I was well enough to be taken home. I was glad, indeed, to see home and mother again. A wooden leg was provided, and in time I became accustomed to manipulating it. My desires and aspirations were changed by my experience. I took to my studies with great determination, and one happy day I was converted and became a Christian and a church member, and am trusting Jesus to keep me.'—'Ram's Horn.'

Edison's Boyhood and Youth.

(By Janet Sanderson, in 'Congregationalist.')

It is a curious fact that Thomas Alva Edison, who was born at Milan, O., in 1847, had no school days nor college education. His home was his school and university and his parents were his teachers and professors. There existed an unusual affection between the mother and this boy, and for this reason she kept him at home, teaching him not only his lessons, but a wonderful habit of concentration, and encouraging his desire to know the reason of things.

At ten years of age he had read the Penny Encyclopaedia, Hume's History of England, the History of the Reformation, Gibbon's Rome, Sears's History of the World, several works on chemistry and other scientific books. Wise tuition linked to tender mother love was the undercurrent of the inventor's life. The father, too, was deeply interested in the training of his boy, paying him a fixed price for every book he read to encourage him in the pursuit of knowledge. Under such home influences the lad learned that Nature is filled with law, order, beauty and beneficence, and began to realize the possibilities of human resources joined to high thinking and noble living.

EDISON AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

By a collapse of the family fortunes Thomas had to earn his own living when twelve years old as a train boy, selling papers on the Grand Trunk Railway, between Detroit and Port Huron, where the family had moved. He made such a success of his business that he was soon able to hire four assistants. It was war time, and the papers were filled with exciting details of the battle of Pittsburg Landing, with 50,000 killed and wounded. Thomas hit upon the novel plan of telegraphing in advance of his train the headlines of the war news, to be placed on the official blackboard at the stations, and secured one thousand papers to be paid for from the proceeds of the venture.

Of his success he tells us: 'At Utica, twelve miles distant, I usually sold two papers, at five cents apiece. As we approached the station on this day, I put my head out to look forward, and thought I saw an excursion party. I had half a dozen papers in my hand. As we came nearer and the people caught sight of me, they commenced to shout and gesticulate, and it suddenly occurred to me that they wanted papers. I rushed back into the car, grabbed an armful, and when I got upon the platform I sold forty. Mount Clement was the next station. When it came in sight I thought there was a riot. The platform was crowded with a howling mob, and when the tones became intelligible I realized that they were after news of Pittsburg Landing, so I raised the price of the paper to ten cents, and sold one hundred and fifty where I had never before disposed of more than a dozen.

'As other stations were reached these scenes were repeated, but the climax came when we got to Port Huron. The station was a mile from the town. When the train stopped I shouldered my bundle and started for the city. When I got less than half-way I met a crowd hurrying towards the station. I thought I knew what they were after, so I stopped in front of a church where a prayer-meeting was being held, raised the price to twenty-five cents and commenced to take in a young fortune. In two minutes the prayer-meeting was adjourned, the members came rushing out, and, if the way coin was produced was any indication, I should say that the deacons hadn't passed the plate before I came along.'

His success in selling papers led him to start a paper of his own. He bought a lot of old type and fitted up an old car as workshop and editorial sanctum, from which issued the 'Grand Trunk Herald,' devoted to railway news and gossip, which became celebrated as the only journal in the world printed on a railway train.

Edison's next move was to purchase a book on chemistry, a supply of chemicals and retorts and fit up a laboratory in the old car workshop. Thus was opened up a new world to the boy. But one day the water evaporated from a bottle of phosphorus, which an extra jolt shook to the floor, and a fire resulted. The conductor rushed madly to the scene, pitched both laboratory and boy out upon the track, giving Thomas such a box on the ear that the delicate organ of hearing was injured for life.

He rushed home to his mother and quickly re-arranged his apparatus in the cellar, causing great anxiety to the neighbors, to whose expostulations the mother always replied, 'The world will hear of my boy yet.' Undismayed by early failures he continued his investigations, denied himself everything but the barest necessaries of life, bought books on electricity and went on making experiments in the cellar.

He was still train boy, but his one desire was to learn telegraphy, and the opportunity he wanted came unexpectedly as a reward for saving the life of a station agent's child, whom he snatched from the track in front of a moving train. Thomas gladly accepted the offer of instruction from the grateful father, and in five months the ambitious lad had learned to write rapidly and legibly. He accepted a position in an office well equipped with new appliances, but the old spirit of experimenting was upon him; he disregarded the rules, upset some sulphuric acid and tells us that 'the acid in the carboy tipped over, ate the floor, went down to the manager's room below, ate up his desk and all the carpet.' The next morning Thomas was dismissed by his employers, they saying they wanted telegraph operators and not experimenters.

Edison finally secured a position in Boston in the Western Union Telegraph office, where there was jealousy of this 'smart jag from the woolly West,' as the clerks called him, but his marked ability won their respect. He worked steadily, intent on increasing the capacity of a single wire, so that two messages could be sent on one line in both directions at the same time, till success crowned his efforts. But he had spent much money in books, apparatus and necessaries. The portion of his earnings which

had not been sent home, was always, owing to his kindly sympathies, at the disposal of any associate in trouble, and he was often shamefully imposed upon.

At seventeen years of age we find him penniless in New York, whither he had gone for greater opportunities. For three weeks he tramped for a job. The instrument which reported the gold market was out of order, and just as all were frantic with excitement Thomas appeared and adjusted the delicate mechanism which others had failed to manipulate successfully, and on the spot he was offered a position for a time at three hundred dollars per month.

Though often discharged for continual experiments, the young inventor persevered till the glad hour of recognition came when his stock printers' and private printing telegraphic appliances were found so commendable that a committee waited upon him to secure the title to these inventions. Edison's dealings with this body are told best in his own words.

'I made up my mind that $5,000 would be about right, but rather than not sell the inventions I would take anything, as I needed money sorely for my further experiments. With these dazzling expectations I received the committee.'

'"Well, Mr. Edison," said one of the members, "how much do you want for your devices?"

'"I do not know what they are worth," was my reply. "Make me an offer."

'"Well," continued the speaker, "how would $40,000 strike you."

'I believe I could have been knocked down with the traditional feather, so astonished was I at the sum. I immediately accepted, but after I got over my excitement I concluded there must be some Wall Street trick about this thing. Two days afterwards a large, formidable contract was given me to sign, couched in phraseology as obscure to me as Chocktaw. I was told that I would receive the money upon signing this, which I promptly did. A cheque was given me on a New York bank, to which goal I at once proceeded.

'I had never been in a bank before, so I hung around in order to see the methods of procedure, then took my place with a row of men at the paying teller's window. When my turn came and I presented the cheque the paying teller yelled out a lot of jargon, which I failed to understand on account of my deafness. Again he roared something at me, but I could not catch it, so left my place, concluding that I was never fated to see that money, and so hopeless did I become that any one might have bought that cheque from me for fifty dollars.

'I told one of the clerks in the company's office, and he explained that the teller evidently wanted me to be identified, and went to the bank with me, performed the ceremony of identification, and the money was at once paid, greatly to my astonishment. In thirty days I had fully equipped a shop of my own.'

From this time on Edison's life reads like a fairy tale of wonder-working inventions which have encircled the globe.

What a Chinese Boy Did.

A boy was admitted into a missionary school in China, his mother being dead. He remained several years, and not only learned the truth but received it into his heart. When only fourteen years of age he went to his friends, during what we call Christmas holidays. One afternoon he went into a village temple. As he was looking at the idols, an old man, very feeble, came in with tottering steps, and laying a few incense sticks before an idol, knelt down and began to pray. Then passed to the next idol, and so on the whole round of them.

The little boy thought to himself, 'Here's an old man who has not long to live, and he does not know the way to heaven. But I'm only a boy; I can't tell him.' The young people in China are taught to treat the aged with very great respect, and it would have been very impertinent for the little boy to have attempted to teach the old man.

'What is to be done? He has no one to teach him,' thought the boy, as he saw him pass from idol to idol, and, as he thought, the tears ran down his cheeks. These tears were eloquent, as the boy felt forced to go to the old man and say, 'Would you mind a boy speaking to you? I am young, you are very old.'

'What are you crying for?' said the man. 'Can I help you?'

'Sir, I am crying because I am so sorry for you.'

'Sorry for me! What for?'

'Because you are aged and cannot live long, and you don't know the way to heaven.'

'What! Do you know the way to heaven?'

'I know that Jesus saves me, and will save you.'

'Who is Jesus?' asked the old man. The boy told him the story of God's love, and the man's heart melted as he listened.

'Boy,' he said, 'I am over sixty years of age, and I have never heard such words. Have you had dinner?'

'No, sir; not yet.'

'Come home with me, then, and you shall tell the old lady the story you have told me.'

The boy went home with the old man and told the story of the love of God, while the aged couple listened with great interest. He was invited again and again, and stayed in their house the whole of his holiday; and the result was, that, through this youthful servant of Christ, they were both led to the Saviour before they ever saw or heard of a missionary.

Four years after, Mr. J. Hudson Taylor, who recently related this story, accompanied the youth to the home of the aged couple, and found them truly devoted Christians, and, naturally, warmly attached to the lad. Said the old man, 'But for this boy, my wife and I would have died in darkness.'—The Day Spring.

Correspondence

Mapleton, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old. We have taken this paper ('Northern Messenger') for twenty years—first my sister took it and now my brother is taking it. I go to school and I live nearly a half a mile from the schoolhouse. My brother Joe has a little pug dog. He is very cute. My birthday is in June. The reason this village is called Maploton is that there are so many maple trees and sugar camps.

ROSE.

Holland Centre, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have two little sisters and a brother. I go to school every day. I am in the second book. My father is engineer in a large saw-mill. I go to Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger' every week. Hoping to see this in the 'Messenger,' I remain, yours truly,

LAURA.

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write and tell you something about our Sunday-school.

I am eleven years old, and am trying to be a good boy. A lot of young boys have started a circle called the 'King's Sons.'

They are doing good work. They have collected quite a little bit of money to make flower beds to make the church look brighter.

We had our Sunday-school filled with flowers last Sunday. Each teacher chose a scholar to go and gather the flowers, and they made our Sunday-school look much nicer. I go to church in the morning, and to Sunday-school, and to church at night.

My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Hayard, and she is very nice and kind to her class, and they like her better than any other teacher we have had. She has been teaching us about Jesus Christ and how he died on the cross for us.

Our superintendent is also very nice.

We are going to have a Sunday-school picnic to Monro Park, on July 5, and we all hope to have a nice time.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

Brookfield, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy eight years old, I live on a farm. My papa is building a barn this summer. I like to run on the sills, and watch the men work. I like to read the 'Messenger,' I go to school, and am glad when a holiday comes, as I have quite a distance to walk. My pets are a dog named Topsy; and a cat, named Badge. I planted a few potatoes myself this spring.

CLARENCE.

Loree, July 5, 1898.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger')

Dear Editor,—As so many others are writing I thought I would write one too. I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much, especially the correspondence. My father has taken the 'Witness' too, for a number of years, and he likes it very much. We have a Sunday-school near where I live, and I like it very much; and when I go I get the 'Messenger.' Besides, I go to another Sunday-school about a mile away. We are having a garden party for the one that is near our place.

LIZZIE.

Annan, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am thirteen years old. I take the 'Messenger.' This is my first year of it. I like it very much, the stories are good and to the point. I have a Jersey cow, which gives us lots of good milk and butter. I have been to my first garden party, and had a good time, fine night, good singing, all went home well pleased. The farmers are looking bright now, The crops are good and heavy, so that there will be plenty for man and beast this year. I live one and a half miles from Annan post-office, school and church.

WALTER JOHN.

Thessalon, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have an old cat and three little kittens, one is sleeping in my lap now, and we have two birds and a lot of chickens and hens, and my little brother, Bruce, has a big dog named Pat, and we drive him in a gig in the summer, and a sleigh in the winter. The lake is just a little way from our house, and we bathe in it.

I enjoyed reading Elsie's letters very much. I think Wm. R. might have put a little more in his letter and told us something about the worms. I am afraid I am making my letter pretty long. I am reading the 'Bessie' book.

HANNAH ETHEL D.

Balgonie.

Dear Editor,—I have heard a great deal about the plebiscite, and I hope the temperance people will win the day. There is a temperance society about eighteen miles from where I live. I hope all girls and boys would be glad if there was no more liquor. Wishing you every success in your profitable paper, I remain your eleven year old friend,

MARY ELSIE R.

Caledonia, Ont.

Dear Editor. — We have taken the 'Witness' and 'Messenger,' for many years, My mother says that grandfather has taken it ever since it was published. We live on a high hill, from which we have a splendid view of the Grand River. Our Band of Hope of which all our family are members, was organized about six years ago, and has over a hundred members. The Band meets once a week. We are pledged against the use of alcohol, tobacco and bad language. The W. C. T. U. intend holding a parlor social at our home for the purpose of making money for the use of the Haldimand Plebiscite Union.

HUGH, age twelve.

Mother's Right Hand.

(By Evelyn E. Bogle, in 'Early Days.')

'Children! children! what a noise you are making!' exclaimed Mrs. Godwin, as she looked up from the letter she was vainly trying to finish. 'Can you not play at a quieter game until the rain ceases?'

'We don't know any quiet game,' answered little Hugh dismally.

'Oh this horrid rain! how I wish it would stop!'

'Who said "horrid rain?"'

'O, DON'T TRY TO CATCH IT!'

And a bright face looked in at the door.

'O Clement!' cried the children joyfully, while the tired look on Mrs. Godwin's face disappeared as if by magic. She knew that now Clement had come in the little ones would be kept quiet and amused till tea-time.

'Come all of you with me,' he exclaimed. 'All right, mother, I'll look after them!' And dropping a hasty kiss on his mother's face Clement left the room with Hugh, Minnie, Teddy, and baby following close at his heels.

In the silence and quiet that followed, mother was able to finish the letter she was writing to father in India; and in it she said what a comfort and help Clement was to her, and how good he was to his smaller brothers and sisters.

Then she thought she would go and see how the children were amusing themselves.

The schoolroom door was open, and when mother looked in she saw Clement with a basin of soap-suds before him, and a clay pipe in his mouth in the act of blowing a beautiful bubble! Just at the right moment he gave a little shake to the pipe, and away floated the bubble into the air, while the children shouted with delight.

'Now it's going to India,' cried Clement, 'to see father. That chair will be India. Blow it, Teddy! Now, baby!—Oh, don't try to catch it!'

But baby's fat little hand was out-stretched, the warning came too late, the beautiful bubble had burst!

'O baby, you are tiresome,' began Minnie somewhat crossly.

'Never mind!' answered Clement as baby's face began to pucker up, 'I'll make another.' And soon another bubble, even bigger than the last, was sent floating away to India.

When the tea-bell rang, and the children went downstairs, mother laid her hand on Clement's shoulder. 'I've just been telling father,' she said, 'what a help you are to me, that you are mother's right hand!' And though Clement only laughed, and kissed his mother gently, I think he felt fully repaid for his trouble.—'Early Days.'

The Story of a Little Life in Africa.

Just four years ago a little baby boy came to gladden the hearts of his parents here in Africa. They did not love him the less because he was not white with rosy cheeks, for then he would not have been like his father and mother, who, having been born near the equator, were not exactly black, but a dark bronze color.

The child was born on the Sabbath, and according to the custom of the country might have taken his name from the first day of the week; but the father, who was specially proud of his firstborn, gave him the name of the missionary, his own and his little boy's best earthly friend. On that Sabbath-day we had for our lesson the history of the birth and growth of little Samuel, and the father requested that this fact might be noted in his bible when the birth was recorded, with the prayer that his little boy might also 'grow in favor with God and man.'

The baby boy lived with his parents at the mission station, and his mother always brought him to morning and evening worship, until after a little he began to walk, and then he would come with his father, sitting quietly on the bench, only slipping down to carry the hymn-book to his mother when the hymn was found. He began also to chatter, and used to call tata, tata (papa, papa), while his father was at work, and the father never wearied of responding.

The last Sabbath he was at

church was when his baby sister was baptized. He was not well then, and fretted when his father left him during the administration of the ordinance; but, as usual, he was easily quieted. As he grew worse his father took him to his own town that he might try some native medicines which gave a hope of recovery. The father was his patient and loving nurse until the end, and the dear boy heartily returned the love, for even the day before he died he refused to taste the food which had been given him until tata came to eat with him. A length after a long ilness, during which he was sweetly patient, the little fellow's strength gave out, and the dear Saviour took him to heaven, where he would never be tired or sick again. This was a happy little life, all but the sickness. He sang some hymns, or parts of hymns, very sweetly.

Now the father likes to talk of his little boy in heaven, and we trust they will both be together there some day. And we hope many boys and girls in Christian America may grow up as Charles wished his little Cornelius to grow, 'in favor with God and man.' On the first monthly concert Sabbath after his birth Charles dropped a five-cent piece into the collection for his boy, and as long as he lived he always had his offering. Charles, the father, was born a heathen boy, but he came into the mission school, and learned his lesson so well that his teacher named him 'Charles Wise;' but he has dropped the 'Wise' now, for, as he said the other day, he has still 'much to learn.'

Some of your older brothers and sisters must have aided Charles when he was in school, and now I am sure you will not do less for other boys as well as girls, that they may also become good and wise fathers and mothers, and that it may be said of them, as was said of a boy many, many years ago, 'From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.' Can you tell who that boy was?—'Christian Work for Children.'

A Black Mark.

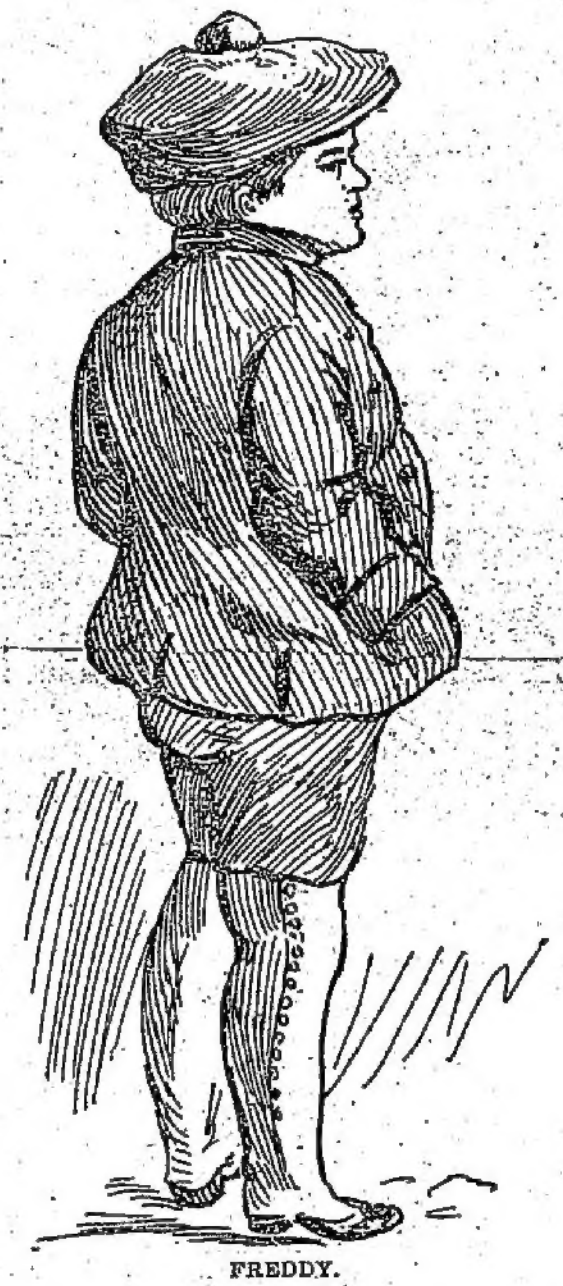
Would you rather be punished or go around with a black mark on your face? Our Ralph does wrong things, and then, for fear he will be punished, tells lies to cover his wrongdoing. But every time this happens Ralph gets a new black mark on his heart. A mark on your face may be wiped away. A mark on your heart will not come off till we are very, very, very sorry, and ask Jesus to take it away.—'Mayflower.'

The Rhyme They Liked toTell.

'Tell me, mamma,' asked Freddy, 'which is the wind that brings the cold?'

He had just come in fresh from his outdoor sports.

'Tell me,' said mamma, turning



FREDDY.

to her next younger darling, blue-eyed Katy, who was watching the feathery flakes of snow, falling, falling, falling; 'making not the least little speck of noise,' the dainty little girl had told her brother.

'The north wind,' said Katy, 'and all the snow—'

'Listen,' said mamma, breaking in upon the pretty rhyme she had taught her little girl and boy to repeat. 'Come here both, my darlings,' opening wide her arms.

Freddy and Katy climbed one on either knee, and each rested a head on mamma's shoulder.

They like to sit so when the day is going away and the darkness is beginning to come.

Papa looked in a half hour later. He found them still sitting so. They were telling over in pretty rhyme, 'What the Winds Bring.' He sat down, and asked them to say it all over again, so he could have a part in the telling.

And they did. Freddy first asking a question, which papa and mamma together answered; then Katy asked hers, and it was answered in the same way.

'Which is the wind that brings the cold?'
'The north wind, Freddy; and all the snow
And the sheep will scamper into the fold,
When the north begins to blow.'

'Which is the wind that brings the heat?'
'The south wind, Katy; and corn will grow
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the south begins to blow.'

'Which is the wind that brings the flowers?'
'The west wind, Freddy; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours,
When the west begins to blow.'

'Which is the wind that brings the rain?'
'The east wind, Katy; and farmers know,
That cows come shivering up the lane
When the east begins to blow.'
—Greta Bryar, in 'Sunbeam.'

Questions and Answers.

What are eyes made for? To look at the wrong?
Oh, no! To see beauty and good, your life long.

What are ears made for? To hearken and pry?
Oh, no! To hear wisdom, things noble and high.

What are tongues made for? To say naughty words?
Oh, no! To speak kindly, and sing like the birds.

What are hands made for? To steal and to fight?
Oh, no! To be useful and work for the right.

What are feet made for? To go to the bad?
Oh, no! To walk honestly, happy, and glad.
—'Mayflower'

Catechism for Little Water-Drinkers.

RESPONSIVE EXERCISE NO. III. — WATER FOR MAN'S THIRST.

(Julia Colman, in National Temperance Society, New York.)

1. Ho, every one that thirsteth,
Come ye to the waters.
2. Samson was sore athirst and he called on the Lord;
And God clave a hollow place that was in the jaw (bone);
3. And there came water out of it;
And when he had drunk he revived.
4. If thine enemy hunger, feed him;
If he thirst, give him water to drink.
5. Give us water, that we may drink.
Behold I shall stand before thee at the rock Horeb,
6. And thou shalt smite the rock and water shall come out of it,
That the people may drink.
7. Thou gavest them bread from heaven for their hunger,
And didst bring forth water out of the rock for their thirst.
8. When the poor and needy seek water
I the Lord will hear them:
9. I will open rivers in high places
And fountains in the midst of the valleys;
10. In the wilderness shall waters break out,
And streams in the desert.

Scientific Temperance Teaching.

LESSON XXIII. — MORAL EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

1. What did God mean people to be?
Gentle and kind, and pure and holy.
2. Is it always easy to be so?
No, there are many things in this world that tempt people to do wrong and to become harsh and evil.
3. What did God give us to protect us from these evil things?
He gave us a will, by which we can determine not to yield to evil things but to do what is right.
4. Is it possible, then, for all people to do right?
Certainly it is possible, and for that reason is a duty.
5. What have you learned of the effects of alcohol upon the body?
That it ruins the digestion, poisons the blood, preserves the waste matter, and so makes the body full of death; that it injures the brain and nerves, and produces disease and insanity.
6. Does all this trouble affect the power of man to do right?
Yes, indeed; it makes him morally weak and bad.
7. What do you mean by this?
That it makes him cruel, instead of gentle; vile instead of pure, and leads him many times to dreadful crimes.
8. How does it do this?
In three ways. Its effect upon the mind through the brain prevents his judging rightly what is good and what is bad. It dulls his affections, so he ceases to care for what he once loved. And it weakens his will so that he cannot choose or do even that which he knows he ought to do.
9. But often we hear drinking people say they intend to do what is right?
Yes, but their intentions are of little use, because their will is so weakened that they cannot fulfil their intention.
10. Have you ever heard of such a case as that?
Yes, many. A gentleman, once very delightful, became a slave to drink. A friend wrote to him, imploring him to cease drinking. He answered, 'You are very kind, but to stop is impossible. If a bottle of brandy stood on one side and a great fire roared on the other, and I knew I should be pushed in if I drank another glass, I should take it. I could not help it.'
11. What did the lovely writer, Charles Lamb, say about it?
He described himself as going down a steep height, and seeing his own destruction, and having no power to stop it.
12. You said it dulled the person's affections. Is this true?
Yes, indeed. It makes a person wholly selfish, caring only for the indulgence of his own evil desires.
13. What effect does this have on the drinker's home?
It makes his home a most dreadful place. He will forsake or abuse his wife and little children. Many a drunkard has sold the very shoes from his children's feet, and the furniture from his poor hut to buy drink for himself.
14. What, then, would you say, is the moral effect of drink?
It tends to destroy the power to judge what is right. To destroy the conscience which reminds us when we are doing wrong. To destroy affection for others, even the dearest. To destroy the will, which makes us able to do what is right and refuse the wrong. And to destroy all manliness and goodness.
15. Do all drinkers come to this dreadful condition?
Oh, no. Some people's wills are stronger than others, and are not so completely overcome by drink. But drink always tends to produce these effects, and everybody who begins to drink, is in terrible danger of coming to this condition.
16. What, then, should we all do?
We should avoid even the smallest beginning of the drink habit.

Hints to Teachers.

Nearly every community, alas! furnishes abundant illustration of this lesson, and the children will be able to bring their own observation to its elucidation. But the strong point is in the closing questions; to show the children that while some men may drink and yet escape the extreme horror we have portrayed, a frightfully large proportion of drinkers do reach it, and the danger of the worst threatens everyone who yields to alcoholic indulgence. Let the children see that only in total abstinence is their safety.

A Little Thing

AND HOW IT CAME NEAR UNDOING A CHILD'S WHOLE EDUCATION.

I could not imagine how Randolph had acquired that fancy. In fact, however, it was more than fancy: It was a settled determination to have wine on his table when he should be a man.

We were strongly temperance people on both sides of the house, and had always been so. Randolph's father did not smoke, even, and we had no smoking in the house. We had never once had wine upon our table, and Randolph had never visited at any place where it was used. How did the little fellow come by his strange determination, after having been so carefully trained in temperance principles?

Over and over again my husband and I discussed the matter, but we could not find the reason. Our boy had a strong will, sweet-tempered as he was; and we felt sure that when he should at some distant day have charge of his own home, he would carry out the plan that was impossible in his father's house.

We could control him now, but what could we do against the day when our word would no longer be law?

The only thing to be done, evidently, was to eradicate that fancy; and before that could be accomplished, we must know how it came. You may think it was strange that the whole family should be so anxious over what you would call only a child's fancy. But my husband and I had both been teachers, and we knew only too well how the present 'fancy' of a thoughtful, strong-willed child would develop into the convictions of maturer years. So we set to work to find the cause before attempting the cure. One of Randolph's aunts was a temperance worker, and was at that time visiting with us. The three went to work to find out the primal cause, and three weeks after our first discussion the discovery was made.

Randolph was unusually fond of pictures, and in our dining-room hung an exquisite painting of luscious fruits; and among the delicate amber bowls gleamed here and there the ruby tints of tiny, fragile wineglasses of a rare and delicate pattern. It was a large and beautiful oil painting, and the coloring was so radiantly rich and soft, and the fruit on that crimson-draped table so temptingly luscious, that we had always admired the picture. It was one of my bridal gifts from an old school friend, and had hung over the sideboard from the days of our boy's babyhood. Randolph's little high chair faced in that direction; and day after day, side by side with our carefully given temperance lessons, had this anti-temperance sermon been admiringly studied.

I had two or three very pretty little wineglasses which were kept exclusively for a specially fine kind of jelly, when Randolph had once or twice had a rather long siege of illness, I put one of the little jelly-glasses on his tray, to make the meal more delicately tempting. I had not realized how I was strengthening in my boy's mind a conviction which I would have done anything to counteract.

I sent our painting to an artist friend, who emptied the glasses of their tempting contents and filled them with simple lemonade. I do not think the richness has been lost in that process, either; and we do not put our invalid's jelly in wineglasses. We bought some charmingly dainty molds for such a purpose, and find them quite as tempting.

We have had hard work to change the boy's fancies, and I think we have at last succeeded. But one thing is certain: We will never again despise the 'day of small things.' To think that such a little thing as that picture could almost have counteracted a child's education! How closely we mothers need to watch our little charges! — Jean Halifax, in 'The Voice.'

Why This Waste?

At Marquette the other day, a Chicago travelling man is reported to have walked into a hotel and registered, and then he dumped $115.40 in silver dimes upon the desk. A crowd quickly gathered. He gave them a chance to guess how many there were, and then offered an explanation. He stated that twenty-nine months ago he stopped smoking, after having puffed the fragrant weed for twenty years. He used to spend from eighty cents to one dollar daily. Now he puts eight dimes in the bag every day, and says he has accumulated over seven hundred dollars in coin. They are in a Chicago safety deposit vault. He says he can get fifty dollars premium on the seven hundred dollars worth of dimes, and that he proposes to take them to the Omaha exposition. This is not only a happy illustration of the advantage of small savings, but it is a striking exemplification of the truth that princely sums of money are wasted in the use of narcotics. Here is one freed devotee who saves seven hundred dollars in less than three years from his tobacco money.—'Michigan Advocate.'

Gospel and Tobacco.

'A pastor states that while his whole society expended in a year only eight hundred and forty-one dollars for the support of the Gospel at home and abroad, sixty-seven of his church-members expended eight hundred and forty-five dollars for tobacco. A pretty close race between the Gospel and tobacco. Scores of men spend fifty times as much for tobacco as they do for missions; and yet they profess to be servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to love him more than all else. One hundred dollars for tobacco and two dollars for missions! Or even the same for each! What a record for the day of judgment! Has Christianity no voice against such hideous hypocrisy.'—'Holiness Conservator.'

The Open Hand.

It is an old story, but so pointed that it does not suffer in re-telling: An inveterate drunkard once asked a Quaker whether he knew of a method whereby he could cure his dominant vice. 'Friend,' answered Broadbrim, 'it is as easy as keeping thy hand open.'

'How can that be?' said the drunkard; 'every man can keep his hand open, but as to abstaining from liquor, that's quite a different thing.'

'I will tell thee, friend,' quoth the Quaker, 'when thou hast gotten a glass of gin in thy hand, and before thou dost raise the tempting liquor to thy lips, open thy hand—and keep it open. Thou breakest the glass, but thou breakest not the law of sobriety.'

LESSON VII.—AUG. 14.

The Shunamite's Son.

II. Kings iv., 25-37. Memory verses, 32-35. Read the chapter.

Golden Text.

'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.' (Psa. lv., 22.)

Home Readings.

M. II. Kings iii., 1-27.—Elisha and the three kings.
T. II. Kings iv., 1-17.—Elisha and the Shunamite.
W. II. Kings iv., 18-37. — The Shunamite's son.
T. II. Kings iv., 38-44.—Elisha miraculously provides food.
F. Luke vii., 1-16.—The widow's son restored to her.
S. Luke viii., 41-56. — The ruler's daughter raised to life.
S. Psa. lv., 1-23.—'Cast thy burden upon the Lord.'

Lesson Story.

Elisha was now the great prophet of Israel, through him God worked many miracles. One day as he was passing through the town of Shunem a noble woman invited him to take some refreshment in her house, he did so, and whenever he passed that way she entertained him. Then she told her husband what a holy man Elisha was, and together they planned a little room for the prophet, and had it built off the house, so that Elisha could come and go as he pleased.

Elisha was very grateful for this kindness and wished to do something in return. The Shunamite woman said that there was nothing that he could do for her. But she was childless, so he promised that God would send her a little son. God sent the baby and he grew to be a fine little lad. But one day when he was out in the harvest field watching his father at work he suddenly received a sunstroke and was carried home to his mother. She held him in her arms until noon-time, then he died.

She laid him on the prophet's bed and did not tell any one what had happened, for she had faith that he could be raised up. She rode with great speed to Mount Carmel where Elisha was. Now the prophet saw her coming and sent his servant Gehazi to ask what brought her. The sorrowful mother would not tell Gehazi her trouble, but cast herself at the feet of the prophet and told him. Then Elisha gave his staff to Gehazi and told him to run as fast as possible and lay it on the face of the dead child.

But the mother had no faith in Gehazi and insisted that Elisha himself should come with her. Gehazi could do nothing for the child so Elisha went, and shutting himself in with the child, prayed earnestly to God. The prophet then stretched himself on the child to warm the little body and soon God sent back the life, and the child sneezed seven times and opened its eyes.

Then Elisha sent for the Shunamite woman and she, with a heart brimming over with thankfulness, took her child.

Lesson Hints.

'Carmel' — the mountain hallowed by Elijah's great sacrifice and the fire from heaven. About seventeen miles from Shunem.

Shunemite'—a native of the little town of Shunem, three miles north of Jezreel.

'Gehazi'—Elisha's servant, but a very different man from the prophet. (II.Kings v., 25-27.)

'It is well'—she had no confidence in the servant, so she told him nothing.

'Caught him by the feet'—in humble supplication.

'Thrust her away'—as the disciples would have driven away the mothers who brought their children to our Lord. (Matt. xix., 13.)

'Her soul is vexed'—the prophet was sympathetic enough to know that the woman was in trouble though he did not at first know what the trouble was.

'Did I desire a son?'—she had not asked for this blessing, though she had earnestly longed for it. She could not understand why the blessing should have been given only to be so suddenly removed. But it was for the glory of God. See John ix., 3.

'Gird up thy loins'—fasten the end of the mantle into the belt so as to be able to run fast.

'If any salute thee'—the salutations of the East are long and elaborate and even to greet one person took much time, so the messenger must answer no one.

'Staff' — the prophet's staff might have miraculous qualities. If it had been but a slight sickness this might have sufficed. But only through the great prophet's most earnest prayer would God raise the dead.

'Sneezed'—the first sign of returning life. The prayer of faith was answered. God could not work through a selfish man like Gehazi.

Questions to Be Studied at Home.

1. Who was Elisha?

2. The Shunamite's child was promised to her, tell of another child who was promised to his mother by God.

3. Why could not Gehazi bring the dead to life?

4. What great miracle did God work through Elisha?

Suggested Hymns.

'Trust and obey,' 'Jesus bids us shine,' 'How firm a foundation,' 'Sound the battle-cry,' 'Rock of ages,' 'He is able to deliver thee.'

Practical Points.

Aug. 14.

A. H. CAMERON.

He who has been helped of God will surely seek deliverance in time of need. Verses 3-7, 16, 25.

What the world calls sickness, the Christian calls health. Verse 26.

Little Faith has often to struggle hard against Giant Despair. Verses 27, 28.

God's ways are not like our ways. Verses 29-31: also Matt. xvii., 19, 20.

Prayer opens many a treasure house whose lock will open to no other key. Verses 32-35.

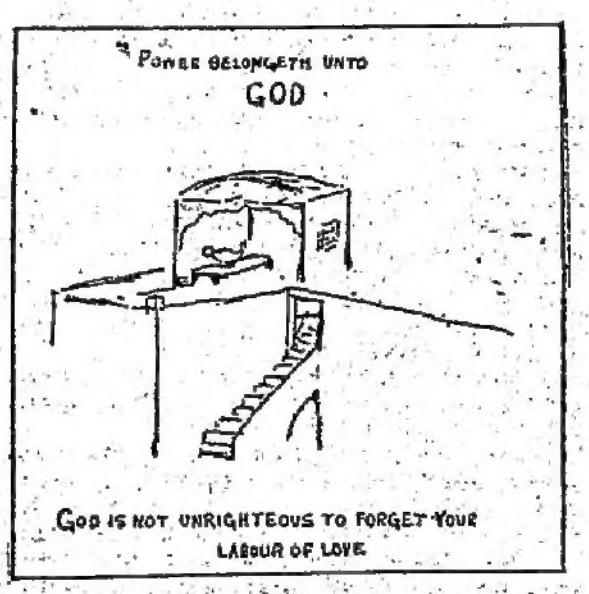
He who makes the widow and fatherless to rejoice shall in no wise lose his reward. Verses 36, 37.

Contrast the Pharisee. Mark xii., 40.

Tiverton, Ont.

The Lesson Illustrated.

Just a rough outline of an 'upper room,' built by itself upon the broad flat roof of an Eastern house. This was probably the chamber built by the loving Shunamite woman for the visiting prophet. In the room as seen through the open front is the prophet's couch, and upon it a small Eastern lamp. The lamp represents the little son. Tell of his being out in the field, and as you tell of his death rub out the little flame, or



if you have the lamp cut out of paper, turn it down behind the body of the lamp. Then bring it in from the field up the stairs and into the prophet's room. Questions will bring out the story of the mother's journey to the prophet, and of the prophet's prayers in the upper room, till the flame burns again and the little life comes back and the mother's heart is gladdened again.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

Aug. 14.—Exalt Christ.—Matt. xxi., 1-11.

'Aim at the Heart.'

(By Rev. G. B. F. Halloch, D.D.)

Christ is the teacher's great Model. We must 'learn of him.' For great teachers great learners is the rule. In everything we may learn of him, but in nothing more noticeably than in his loving sympathy. Finding in our hearts a desire to do something for Christ, let us learn from his loving sympathy the art of winning souls to him. Christ was always kind and approachable and sympathetic. A poor widow's only son is dead. With broken heart she is following the corpse to the grave. Who is it sees her, pities her, comes and touches the bier, restoring that son to life and to his mother? That loving, sympathizing one is Jesus. Who is that one standing with those sisters, in love and sympathy, weeping at the grave of Lazarus? It is Jesus. Who is this with all these little children gathered about him, taking them in his arms and blessing them? They do not seem to be afraid of him. Well, it is Jesus. Who was it all the sick, the sinful, and the sorrowing followed so lovingly? And who was it healed and cheered and comforted them all, refusing none? It was Jesus. Would you work for him? Would you do something for him? Then, Christian teacher, 'learn of him.' Learn from his loving, kind and sympathetic ways. This world is groaning and sighing for sympathy, human sympathy, Christian sympathy. We are quite sure it was this in Christ's life which touched the hearts of his followers and attracted so many to him. Learn of him in your Christ-like teaching, and in doing so remember that every scholar's heart is human, and that every human heart is open to the influence of genuine sympathy and affection. Love reaches all hearts.

The advice an experienced pastor gave to a class of young men going out to preach the gospel is just as good for every Sabbath-school teacher. He said, 'Aim at the hearts in preaching. Not every man has a head, but every man has a heart. If you aim at the head you will miss some of your hearers. If you aim at the heart you will hit them all. Aim at the heart.' Good advice is that for every teacher of the young. The true measure of every Christian worker's personal power is found largely in the heart. If you long to win the souls of your scholars to Christ, you must love them. Some one has said 'There is but one rare and precious coin with which you can purchase the costly treasure of a child's heart, and that coin bears the image and superscription, Love. First, love to Christ, and then love for souls for Christ's sake, should be the motto of every teacher. With such an inspiration, no one could fail of success.

An Important Work.

Of course, it would be an entire perversion of the hours of Sabbath-teaching to employ them in educating political partisans; the names and tenets of contending sections must not be canvassed during the precious minutes given us to devote to more enduring and eternal themes. But, at the same time, that school will fail in fulfilling its end where the scholars are not being equipped week by week for the discharge of the high responsibilities of citizenship. The whole atmosphere of the place, the constant trend of the instruction, the influences which are touching and moulding the impressionable natures of the boys and girls—these things should be preparing them, unconsciously yet powerfully, to render good service to the State. It is of great moment, for instance, that the Sunday-school brings clearly into view the restraints which bound and limit individual liberty. It tells the children that men may not do just what they please. It makes much of the authority of conscience. It points upward to the solemn enactments of law and duty, that 'stern daughter of the voice of God.' It sets God himself in the forefront, an Omnipresence never absent or forgetful, a tribunal that cannot be evaded or escaped. Who of us will say how many it prevents, by planting these hedges round about them, from falling away into the criminal and vicious classes? Who can estimate to what extent it is saving the nation from the increase of those whose moral weaknesses and delinquencies inflict so sore a blow on its honor and strength?—Sunday-School Chronicle.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Children of the Poor.

(By Mrs. J. W. Wheeler.)

A milkman said to me a short time ago, 'If the very poor could be educated to give their children milk there would be fewer little coffins to buy. The majority of poor families on my route take but one pint of milk per day, just enough for tea and coffee; the little pinched faces sometimes haunt me, they are in such contrast to my own round-faced youngsters; indeed, I sometimes wish I could give them the milk, but if I did, where would my living come in?'

'And no doubt many of these same parents,' I said, 'find dimes and nickels each day for beer.'

'Ah, that's true,' he said, 'and the children get sips and learn to like the stuff, and by the time they are half-grown they are ready to drink even stronger stuff.'

Is it not appalling, the ignorance of these mothers? With ignorance and shiftlessness, what chance have these innocent babies, who, from living in crowded tenements, are debarred from pure air, fresh food and green fields to play in? Why, scarcely any chance at all!

It is a great marvel that the mortality is not even greater, and that the reform schools are no more crowded than they are.

Meals innumerable of beer and baker's bread; the same money could buy a wide variety of nourishing meals. For instance, the beer would buy a larger amount of milk, and ten cents for a double baker's loaf would buy enough corn meal hominy or oatmeal for three or four meals, or enough cereal for two meals and a bit of dried or smoked fish to go with them.

A dish of hot porridge with plenty of sweet milk, and a little broiled fish for a relish, is a meal not to be despised. The fish warehouses in all seaports sell fish at about one-half the price asked at the regular fish markets. A nice cod or haddock can be bought for eight or ten cents, excellent for boiling, baking, fried in corn meal, or (with a few potatoes, an onion and a slice or two of pork), an excellent chowder. One is more sure of fresh fish at these warehouses, too, and this repays one for the extra walk to the wharves.

In fresh beef the most economical cuts are the shin, shank, neck and aitchbone; the latter is capital for roasting; a hasiet is perhaps the lowest priced, and while it is considerable trouble to clean it, yet I know of nothing that will go so far in a large family.

Rice and rye meal, both highly nutritious, are often overlooked by the mother who has hard work to feed her little ones; rye meal is especially good when children are troubled by constipation.—'Christian Work.'

A Baked Inspiration.

I went home, hungry as a bear, and found on the dinner table, not a Christmas pie in which to stick in my thumb and pull out a plum, but, instead, a huge round nut brown loaf of whole wheat flour bread.

'Oh,' I ejaculated.

'Yes,' came an answering voice from across the table.

The loaf was cut, and a morsel of it soon found it's way into my mouth.

'Good?' asked the voice from across the table.

'Delicious.' And the morsels, in quick succession and steady procession, kept following themselves into my enraptured mouth.

'And how did you make it?' at last I found time to ask.

'The ingredients,' answered the voice, 'are whole wheat flour, compressed yeast (probably other yeasts would do as well), a little salt, butter, sugar, water, of course, and mixed with a spoon, as I always mix my whole wheat flour bread.'

'But it is round, and fully eight inches in diameter, and ten in height.'

'Yes,' the voice replied, 'and there the secret lies. Under the spell of an inspiration, I baked that loaf in a covered tin pail, putting in just enough dough so that, when fully expanded in baking, the loaf just fell short of the cover. The cover keeps in the steam, so that the bread is steamed as well as baked.'

'And how long did you bake it?'

'From thirty to forty minutes longer than the time required for ordinary bread,' the voice replied.

Again I fell to eating bread.

'Dear me,' said the voice, sorrowfully, as she discovered the rapidity with which that loaf of bread was disappearing, 'I did not marry you to become nothing but a whole wheat flour baking machine.'

'But you are in for it now,' I replied.

'So I see,' laughed the voice.

'Say, dear voice,' I called back from the front door, and prepared to make a hasty exit, 'don't you think you could set up a bake shop? And then I would not be obliged to work any more.'

'Oh, you horrid, you,' the voice cried. But I very suddenly closed the door upon the threatened onslaught, and at supper time found more of the same kind of delicious bread for my eating.—Charles H. Dorris, in N. Y. 'Observer.'

Use of the Eyes.

Each man's eyes differ from those of his fellow, says an authority on the eye and its diseases, in the 'Mail and Express.' No two pairs are alike. Here are a few simple directions in case of accident which it should be well to follow. When a cinder or any foreign substance gets into the eye, never rub the eye. Wait a moment, then gently open and close the lid; the tears which usually follow this operation will generally wash out the intruding substance. However, should it refuse to go, turn up the lid under which the substance is, and remove it with a soft handkerchief. If the substance becomes imbedded in the cornea, or eyeball, go to a physician immediately. In bathing the eyes it makes no material difference, as has been alleged whether the eyes be rubbed towards the nose or from it.

Do not use the eyes after they are tired. They should be rested, if only for a moment. Avoid the use of the eyes while travelling in a railway carriage or in a poor light. Do not work with the head bent low. Use a sloping desk or a low chair when writing. Never allow the light to shine in your eyes while working; let it come over the left shoulder if possible. If this cannot be accomplished, wear a shade. Avoid the use of colored glasses unless under competent advice, except when exposed to the bright glare of the sun upon snow or water. Then they may be used with great benefit. London smoked glasses, or blue, are the only colors that should be worn under the circumstances. Avoid holding a book when reading too near the eye, as the nearer it is held the greater the strain.

Contagion is the most fertile cause of the spread of external diseases, especially granulated lids. This is most generally the case in public institutions, where children live and sleep together, and often wash themselves in the same water. Isolation is the only known method for preventing the spread of this disease. A normal eye should be perfectly strong and not become easily tired. It should not require the use of glasses until the age of forty or forty-five has been reached. By the use of proper glasses they should remain strong indefinitely. A far-sighted man requires glasses for reading much earlier than a man who is near-sighted. When a person does not need glasses for reading at fifty years of age, it proves conclusively that he must have been near-sighted in his youth.

Rag Carpets.

Rag carpets are the most suitable of all floor coverings for rooms that are used constantly. They cost very little, give a room a cozy, home-like appearance, and if a little taste and judgment are used in arranging colors, they are really handsome. They are also great labor savers, the work of making them being very little, compared with that of keeping an uncarpeted floor clean.

Of course the rags should be clean, for there are few things more disagreeable to work with, than those that are full of dust and dirt. Any kind of dress fabric, or other soft cotton or woolen material can be used. Cut out all seams or other thick places for they will make the carpet rough, and reject all rags that will not bear a sharp jerk. Calico should be torn in strips three fourths of an inch wide, and anything as heavy as cotton flannel, half an inch. Light carpets wear as well as heavy ones, and are so much easier to handle. The legs of stockings or knit underwear without seams can be cut round and round, making long strips without sewing.

Make the wide stripes of some neutral tint, or hit or miss, preferably the latter. The bright stripes may be composed of old sheets, pillow-cases or light dresses, dyed blue, green, red, and yellow. A little study of colors will enable any one to decide which should be combined to produce harmonious effects. A very pretty carpet that covers my neighbor's sitting room floor, has a wide hit or miss stripe of dark rags. In the bright stripe there were, two threads of black, three red, three white and green twisted, three red and two black.

Many housekeepers prefer the hit or miss carpets and they usually cost two or three cents less per yard for weaving than striped carpets. For these all the rags should be torn and thoroughly mixed before any sewing is done. The greater the variety of colors used, the prettier the carpet will be. They can be sewed quite rapidly on the machine. Lap the ends of the rags one inch, double them once, and run diagonally across the lapped portion; push another strip under the foot of the machine without raising it. The children will be delighted to help you cut the threads and wind the balls.

One and one-fourth pounds of rags will make a yard of carpet, and one pound of chain will be enough for three yards. Several colors of chain are often used in stripes; or two contrasting colors woven in basket or honey-comb style, are very neat and attractive in appearance. None but the best four or five ply warp should be used, for it is usually the warp that wears out first.

E. J. C.

Selected Recipes.

Pumpkin Pie—Select a large, firm pumpkin of deep color; wash, take out the seeds and cut in cubes about an inch square. Boil as you would potatoes, till it can be pierced with a straw, drain thoroughly and press through a sieve. To one pint of prepared pumpkin add one quart of milk, three well-beaten eggs, half a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and butter, two-thirds of a teaspoonful of ginger, one cup of sugar and a pinch of salt. Mix well. Line the pie plates with rich pie-crust, fill with the mixture and bake. Have the oven hot at first. This amount will make two pies.

Cream Layer Cake.—One cup of sugar creamed with butter the size of an egg, good half cup of milk, one large cup of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and a little flavoring. Bake in layers.

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